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Original Translation from the French.

THE
MONSTER AND MAGICIAN:

OR THE
FATE OF FRANKENSTEIN.

A Melo-dramatic Romance, in three Acts,

AS PERFORMED AT

THE ROYAL WEST LONDON THEATRE,

With unbounded applause, October 2nd. 1826.

—
Jean ^{Théâtre Royal de Londres}

Freshly translated from the celebrated Drama of Messrs. Merle and Anthony, entitled "Le Monstre et le Magicien," represented at the Theatre Port St. Martin, Paris;

11c. 7. 2011

By John Kerr,

Author of the BRAZEN CAVERN; MAN OF THE BLACK FOREST, &c.

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Price One Shilling.

E.

CHARACTERS.

—DOGS—

MEN

| | | |
|------------------------------------|------------|------------------|
| <i>Frankenstein</i> | . | MR. HARDING. |
| <i>Antonio, his Son</i> | . | Miss. E. SANTER. |
| <i>Holbien,</i> | . | MR. SANTER. |
| <i>Pietro</i> | . | MR. H. BEVERLY. |
| <i>Litolf</i> | . | MR. MARQUIS |
| <i>Gontram</i> | . | MR. FISHER. |
| <i>Jansken</i> | . | MR. BREWER. |
| <i>Petrusco</i> | . | MR. ATKINS. |
| <i>Zomar</i> | . | MR. OWLET. |
| <i>Swendor</i> | . | MR. BOSWORTH. |
| <i>Malfino, the Genie,</i> | MR. ADDIS. | |
| * * * the Monster, MR. H. BEVERLY. | | |

WOMEN

| | | |
|----------------|---|-----------------|
| <i>Cecilia</i> | . | Miss ELDRED. |
| <i>Mazzena</i> | . | Mrs. J. SANTER. |
| <i>Offa</i> | . | Miss GROSETTE. |
| <i>Marana</i> | . | Mrs. FISHER. |
| <i>Freda</i> | . | Mrs. T. SANTER. |
| <i>Monica</i> | . | Mrs. OWLET, |

The Music Composed by Mr. BROWN.

The Scenery by Master W. BEVERLY.

And the whole produced under the Superintendance of
Mr. H. BEVERLY.

ACT I.

SCENE THE FIRST.

A dark Forest, in the centre of which is a Gothic Tomb, on the left a Rock.

A Storm—Petrusco, Zomar, & Swendor, followed by the band, consisting of Bohemians enter apparently much fatigued.

CHORUS.

Tho' murkey the path, yet the light'ning illumes,
The blast of the gale with lond thunder attunes,
The beasts of the forest to shelter retire,
But we, the bold Outlaws, must brave all its ire :
Tho' drench'd with rain we like Tritons appear,
A bumper of liquor our spirits shall cheer.

Petri. Tis' a fearful storm!

Zomar Egad you may say that.

Petri. It has surprised us rather awkwardly—but why should we, poor Bohemian outcasts, complain of the elements, accustomed, as we are, to brave its fury.

Swen. We have worse enemies than the elements to dread! friend Petrusco, those curst Venetians, who are now on the hunt for us.

Zomar There would be nothing to dread were our force but half equal to theirs—but reduced as we are :—

Petri. Resolution must supply the deficiency—but see, our leader, Jansken, comes—[Enter JANSKEN.]—Welcome noble Captain—know you in what part of the forest we now are?

Jan. We shall learn anon, (seeing the Tomb.) "Tis the Tomb of the Forest!—withdraw from it quickly!

Petri. Why so?

Jan. "Tis an unhallowed spot! (they advance from it)

Petri. Is it here then we are to halt?

Jan. No: you will continue your route—I alone must remain; you will tarry for me on the summit of the black mountain, near the cottage of Holbien.

Zomar. But why do you not accompany us? Captain.

Jan. No more interrogations—Some of you must be in attendance here—away, be cautious of a surprise from the Venetian soldiers—they are not amongst the number of our friends.

Petri. We have given little cause for their being so—lead on. (*Exit Bohemians, &c.* JANSKEN remaining alone.)

Jan. What a perplexed destiny is mine—son of one of the richest inhabitants of the Tyrol,—now, leader of a wretched band of Bohemians—such is the result of misconduct—after reducing a parent to misery, I traversed the world, the sport of man and fortune—I was their prey—they were mine, nor did tranquillity partially dawn upon my blighted fate 'till quitting the society of knaves and sharpers I became the associate of brigands—but weary of my situation, I pant for a reconciliation with my aged parent.—Returning to my native country, I find, that aided by Frankenstein, my father and sister had taken up their residence near this spot—Frankenstein loves my sister, Cecilia, and their union will aid my projects, amidst the general joy will I present myself to my father, nor will he, I am assured, refuse forgiveness, and then farewell, an eternal farewell to the minions whom I command—to become an honest man is the warmest desire of my heart—yet, am I not without alarm, for Frankenstein is devoted to study; and the abstruse compositions of Albert and Faustus, have inflamed him with guilty pretensions—anon he is to repair to this forest—alas! for what a frightful purpose! but I must arrest him ere he plunges into the abyss—some one approaches. (*he retires to the back.*)

Music. Enter PIETRO, with a Casket under his arm, much affrighted, followed by FRANKENSTEIN.

Pie. Plaguy forest! How cursed dark and frightful it is—there ayn't a single drop of blood flowing in my veins—Oh! my worthy master! now what the deuce could tempt you to quit the Castle?

Fran. (in a reverie) Peace.

Pie. Some sad misfortune will besal us—the ravens do so croak, and the owls play such a concert:—

Fran. Silence, I command you.—Deposit yonder that Casket.

Pie. Yes, yes, my Lord. (*trembling*)

Jan. Yes! 'tis Frankenstein,

Fran. Some one approaches—Whose there? speak.

Jan. (advancing) A friend!

Fran. Jansken!—What brings thee here?

Jan. To converse with thee.

Fran. You have selected an improper moment, withdraw.

Jan. No! here will I remain.

Fran. On what intent?

Jan. You shall know; (*motions PIETRO to retire*)

Pie. (not understanding him) What's your pleasure, Sir.

Jan. Leave us.—

Pie. O law! you needn't bawl so, I'm not deaf—where do you wish me to go? (*JANSKIN points to the back.*)

Jan. To a respectable distance.

Pie. (aside) O dear! a very respectable character it is who gives this command—well suited to the spot—I am going Sir—Yes! I'm gone. (*retires to the back.*)

Fran. What would you with me?

Jan. On our last meeting I had not sufficient time to inform you of my past misfortunes and my future prospects—even then your agitated looks escaped not my observation—I have watched thy proceedings and know all—but beware, Frankenstein! seek not to perfect the frightful deed!

Fran. What is it you require?

Jans. Your safety—my happiness—that of my sister & of my father.

Fran. To recede were vain—I have already embarked too deeply:—

Jans. You are then resolved on your own destruction?

Fran. After so many painful exertions:—

Jans. Be content with thy superior knowledge, nor seek to become the most culpable of mortals—Oh! my friend, on you depends the fate of Cecilia.

Fran. Cecilia!

Jan. You love her!—your son, fruit of your first marriage already repeats the endearing name of mother. Why then be discontented with your lot? Why seek to penetrate a mystery which heaven wisely conceals from the weakness of man?

Fran. My undertaking must be accomplished—nor can

I now pause—the Genie of this spot is about to resign to me a slave who henceforth shall be submitted to my will, and soon perhaps I can assure to thee and to Cecilia ages of glory and felicity :—

Jan. Frankenstein I conjure thee, abandon thy frightful purpose—ere too late

Fran. Leave me—

Jan. In pity ere you attempt its execution—wait but till you are united to my sister—

Fran. From what motive?

Jan. The virtue of Cecilia will then protect thee from the wrath of heaven

Fran. Well—yes—it may be so.

Jan. Swear to return to the castle instantly?

Fran. Instantly!

Jan. Aye instantly—a moment must not be lost—

Fran. What would you exact?

Jan. Exact!—I exact not—I entreat—I supplicate it in the name of friendship, and of our general safety :—

(Enter PIRTO.)

Pie. Oh Sir—my Lord—a man comes this way—

Frank. Who can it be? (PETRUSCO enters)

Petriu. The Venetians are in pursuit of us, and my comrades require thy immediate attendance—You are acquainted with the intricacies of the forest, hasten then to direct our retreat—

Jan. Cursed interruption—

Petriu. Prithee delay not!—

Jan. However dangerous the duty, it shall be faithfully performed—my poor comrades have in me confided their safety, nor shall their confidence be deceived, I leave thee Frankenstein, but first swear instantly to quit this spot—

Fran. To quit this spot—well be it so—

Jan. We meet again this evening, when I hope to convince you. (JANSKEN presses the hand of FRANKENSTEIN and exits with PETRUSCO.)

Pie. That chap, spite of his strange appearance, seems a very good sort of a fellow and I shoudn't have been sorry if he remained—faith I'm always afraid when alone with my master of beholding on a sudden some horrible apparition—

Fran. (from his reverie) can Jansken be right? and ought I, in reality to dread least Cecilia—Cecilia beloved maid! 'tis to insure thy eternal happiness, that I am anxious to possess this secret—the terrors of Jansken, however may have some just origin—to some other period shall be deferred my final attempt come Pietro we will return to the castle? (*Pietro takes up the casket.*)

Pie. With all my heart and soul (*They are proceeding off when Frankenstein suddenly stops*)

Fran. No I cannot! a secret wishes commands my proceedings and fortifies my heart against the threes of terror—about to gain the object of my desire—almost within my grasp shall I madly resign it perhaps for ever—no—no—it cannot must not be—

Pie. O lad! O dear! what is the matter now!

Fran. The favour I would solicit may entail on me my destruction; but should I retain it to myself, what will be the crime?—What shall I have to dread?—Nothing! mysterious treasure! I will attain it, and at least my labours will not be unreccompenced.—Yes, 'tis decided—

[*He seizes the casket from Pietro.*

Pie. For the mercy of heaven, my lord, what are your intentions? I hope your mind is not changed—

Fran. Begone!

Pie. No, no, my dear master—no—I cannot. Of a certain you have some wicked intention—for heaven's sake drop it, and let us return together.

Fran. [*Withdrawing from the casket several cabalistical instruments*] Withdraw, Pietro!

Pie. For some days past the state in which I have seen you has really alarmed me—your continued sighs, your agitated looks—

Fran. Depart I say—I command—

Pie. My dear master, in the name of that which you hold most dear—I—

Fran. Remain then, since you are so inclined.

[*He extends his arms towards Pietro, who is transfixed and at the same time bereft of speech. Frankenstein now commences his operations—thunder—lightning—he is surrounded by a circle of fire.*

Fran. Genie whom I have subjugated, obey the voice of thy master.

Storm increases, the Monument crumbles to atoms, and the Genie appears surrounded by flames, holding a Vase in its hand.

Gen. What would you with me?

Fran. You already know—that Vase encloses the reward of my labours.

Gen. Madman! What do you require?

Fran. That it should be mine!

Gen. I know to what ambitious extent thy presumption soars—but tremble wretched mortal!

Fran. Heed not me—but give as I command!

Gen. 'Tis my duty to obey a power more potent than my own, your happiness is cancelled beyond recall, and only in death will you again behold me.

The Storm increases, the Genie becomes enveloped in a flame of fire, PIETRO utters a shriek and runs off. FRANKENSTEIN stands exultingly, and is enclosed by

SCENE THE SECOND.

Lodge in the Castle of Frankenstein.

Enter LITOLFF, followed by MAZZENA.

Lit. I guessed that as usual you were to be found at the Lodge, Mazzena—was ever father served so scurvily by a daughter.

Maz. My dear father, if you will but listen to reason—

Lit. 'Tis you that should listen to reason, but you are deaf to every proposal for your advantage.—Does not Pietro enjoy the most intimate confidence of our worthy master, Count Frankenstein? does he not hold a situation in the Castle almost equal in authority to the one I fill—

Maz. Truly, father, the situation which Pietro holds weighs but little in my estimation—

Lit. The girl's a perfect natural.—Our master is liberality itself, and he is as careless of his ducats, as a prudent servant, who looks to his own interest would desire; now Pietro has so many favourable opportunities:—

Maz. Of plundering his benefactor—I trust father you have not to accuse yourself of this ingratitude?—

Litol. What me, child—I wonder how you could ever hint such a thing—not but what my nerves are tolerably strong—

Maz. 'Tis true, report speaks unfavourable of the means by which Frankenstein's wealth has been attained

Litol. But that's no business of ours, and if it does come roguishly, we share it honestly, and if Pietro will but take care of himself—

Maz. I promise he shall never have me to take care of him—but why thus continually recommending Pietro, when I have told you over and over again that if ever I do marry it shall be to Gontram—

Lit. Gontram, a pretty bargain you would make forsooth—a sorry slave, the emoluments of whose pitiful place of gamekeeper but barely afford him a yearly jerkin—he's a keen shot, and faith Mazzena he knew where to scent when he took aim at you—but he shall find the game too distant to make sure of his aim, and talking of game is another proof of Gontram's neglect.

Maz. How father?

Lit. Is there not a profusion required for the entertainments that are to take place to morrow?—the varlet instead of scouring the forest for his master, has been poaching in the preserves for himself—but I'll spoil his sport, be assured the larder shall be inspected, and should there still lack the requisite quantity, I'll see though no sportsman, if I can't make him take wing from these premises—so think of him no longer—(exit.)

Maz. Ah father advice is easily given yet avails but little where the heart has made its election. (*GONTRAM steals on*)

Gon. Those words spoke my own Mazzena—

Maz. Oh Gontram—you overheard them—

Gon. Yes, your father's partiality to Pietro, and the contempt which he entertains of me in consequence of my poverty, but assured of your love I fear not for the future since we have youth, health and strength to aid our endeavours.

CHORUS.

Maz. Let fashions minions fondly shine
As high their lofty pennons wave,
A peasants simple lot be mine
And health, the greatest boon I crave.

Gon. And pillow'd on the humble couch
 No dreams our slumber shall invade
 Nor on our simple joys encroach
 But sweetest thoughts our sleep prevale
Beth. Yes, dear the home—the hour how sweet.
 When labour o'er, the swain at eve,
 Returns his constant swain to greet
 And from her welcome kind receive.

(Enter PIETRO alarmed)

Pie. I've run myself out of breath, and thanks to heaven
 here are human faces at last—Oh! oh what a horrid
 sight—

Maz. A horrid sight—I hope, sir, you dont mean to say
 that my face is a horrid sight—

Pie. It's the most pleasant countenance I have seen since
 I left the Castle—Oh! Oh! Oh!

Gon. What then have you seen, Pietro?

Pie. What have I not seen Mr. Gontram?—had you
 witnessed the like your legs would never have served you
 so faithfully as mine did—

Maz. Pray what was it Pietro—

Pie. Oh such a Bogie.

Maz. A Bogie! what's a Bogie—

Gon. Oh a stray cat, that his idle fears have conjured
 into some uaccountable shape—

Pie. A stray cat—I tell you what, Gontram, had you
 beheld this cat you'd thought yourself lucky to get out of
 his claws, and however unaccountable it may appear, you'd
 give a very different account of the affair—

Maz. The coward—

Pie. Now you must know in the first place that no sooner
 had we gained the skirts of the forest, than it began to
 rain, thunder, and lighten—

Maz. Well!

Pie. No, it wasn't well, for I was speedily drenched
 through and through—and so—

Gon. Proceed

Pie. I did proceed through brambles and quagmires, till
 we came to a dark, dreary glen in one of the most retired
 quarters of the black forest—the very thought of it make
 me shudder still—"Pietro you may return to the castle"
 says my master—what and leave you all alone in this place?
 —says I in return—"No blow me if I do any thing of the
 kind"—cause I thought there would not be so much danger

in remaining with him, as there would in returning alone—
and so—

Gon. Now to scare the poltroon (*who with MAZZRNNA has stolen to the side*) Pietro

Pie. Hey!

Gon. What's that behind you?—

Maz. A Ghost! A Ghost! (*runs off with GONTRAM laughing.*

Pie. (*unable for some time to look round*) It's here again!—Oh ye saints! I'm a poor lost sinner—mercy—murder—mercy. (*he scampers off*)

SCENE III.—*A Gallery in the Castle.*

*At the back a staircase, leading to the laboratory of Frankenstein.
Antonio discovered sleeping in an arm chair.*

Enter CECILIA.

Cec. I have seen my unfortunate brother, who informs me he possesses the means of restoring peace to the bosom of Frankenstein—Heaven grant him success and reinstate him in the tenderness of our parent! Antonio sleeps aware of my uneasiness at the absence of his father he endeavoured to offer consolation—dear child! soon will you call me by the name of mother! how sweet it will be to fulfil those duties—what can it be that thus alarms him! Antonio! Antonio!—

Ant. (*awaking*) Oh! is it you? my kind Cecilia!—I have been very much frightened:—

Cec. What has alarmed you?

Ant. Such a horrid dream!

Cec. A dream! what was it?

Ant. I thought we were in my father's laboratory, where you know, neither I, nor you, nor any one attempt to enter. I was seated on thy knees, and you kissed me tenderly, and my father also kissed me, when a tall man came in and threatened to kill me—you and my father hastened to my assistance, but he dashed you on the floor, and with my father was gone in a moment—was not this a sad dream?

Cec. Yes—yes—undoubtedly, but my dear Antonio it was but a dream.

Ant. I don't dreams—for why should any one wish

Cec. Why, indeed ! my dearest Child ?—but here is m
father ; (Enter HOLBIEN)

Ant. Ah, my kind good friend !

Hol. Every blessing attend you my sweetest boy—is not
Frankenstein returned yet ?

Cec. Not yet.

Hol. Night approaches—'tis time that we return to our
cottage.

Cec. My dear father, let us tarry here some time longer

Ant. Yes, pray don't go away so soon.

Hol. Frankenstein's stay alarms me—what can it be ?—
what can occasion it at this hour—Alas ! for some time
past how greatly is he changed by study; he seldom re-
mains with us long, and when spoken to replies with diffi-
culty.

Cec. He is constantly absorbed in study.

Hol. Would that he were less anxiously employed—if
credit may be given to the reports, it arisea from a guilty
source, but 'tis not his riches that ensured my approbation
and esteem, 'tis' his virtues alone induced me to consent to
your union.

Cec. Nor doubt but he will prove the most tender of sons

Hol. He will console me for the one I have lost, and
whose memory I must ever hold in abhorrence.

Cec. My dear father—Jansken will love you with equal
fervour.

Hol. Jansken ! has he not been the cause of my ruin ?

Cec. Was he to present himself, could you refuse to re-
ceive him to your arms ?

Hol. Was he to present himself—but no—that is impos-
sible (*a knock is heard at the door.*) Hark !

Cec. Perhaps 'tis Frankenstein !

Ant. Yes, it is my father. (*Enter JANSKEN, the child*
utters a shriek and flies to HOLBIEN.)

Cec. Jansken :—

Jan. Heavens ! my father !

Hol. Who is it ?—Antonio appears alarmed :

Cec. Father, 'tis not a stranger, but a person attached
to the castle, (*motions silence, HOLBEIN sits down*)

Cec. (*aside*) What purpose brings you hither ?

Jan. To calm and dissipate thy alarms—I have seen
Frankenstein, who, thanks to my council and intreaties

will not, I trust, execute a project which cannot be explained. Tomorrow he will conduct thee to the altar—another day would have been too late.

Cec. What, mystery!

Jan. More at present I cannot disclose—my followers await me, for dangers threaten, then tomorrow at day-break seek the summit of the Black Mountain, there will I await thee, farewell—but ere my departure, might I not be permitted? (*pointing to his father.*)

Hol. Well Cecilia, brings he any comforting intelligence?

Cec. Father, you need not be uneasy:—

She holds the hand of her father, while her brother kisses it.

Hol. My dear child, you appear deeply affected: I even thought a tear dropt upon my hand! (*urged by his sister*

JANSKEN is withdrawing when he is run against by PIETRO, he exits hastily.

Tis the devil—or rather the Chief of—

Cec. Hush!

Pie. Zounds! they're all of the same humour, not one of them will allow me to speak a single word.

Hol. Is that Pietro?

Pie. Yes, my Lord, its I, Pietro.

Cec. Where have you left your master?

Pie. In the forest.

Cec. In the forest!

Pie. Yes, and e'faith, was I to be bastionaded to death I'll relate the most fearful adyenture which ever befel an honest man.—Only to suppose that after having travelled ever so many leagues in the forest, which is of a truth the abode of all the magicians and sorcerers of the country, we arrived at a spot where it was impossible to see your fingers before you even in broad day (*Enter FRANKENSTEIN.*)

Pie. On a sudden I saw, as plainly as I see you—

Fran. Silence!—

Pie. Silence again—Oh Lord! Oh dear!—I'm silent sir—I'm dumb—

Cec. You are length returned—

Hol. Dear Frankenstein—you have made us tarry late.

Fran. Pardon my dear sir, and yours Cecilia—important affairs detained me much longer than I expected—

Hol. You are here and all is forgotten; but pray be more

careful of your health, nor thus alarm your friends: you know the reports that are spread of your mysterious proceedings, and on what condition I bestow the hand of my daughter—destroy the implements of a proscribed science, and I shall then be tranquil as to your future fate. It is tomorrow you are to call me father.

Fran. Yes, yes, tomorrow—tomorrow—I shall have that bliss.

Hol. At my abode your nuptials will take place—you will take Cecilia from a cottage, but forget not, that you loved her for herself—Your tenderness has afforded comfort to my declining days, and now you are about to add to my obligations by undertaking the happiness of my child—let the present night be dedicated to repose—my little Antonio will conduct me home, say will you not?

Ant. Most willingly.

Cec. Father I will follow you instantly (*exit HOLB. &c.*) a word my friend, ere we part.

Fran. What would my dearest Cecilia?

Cec. You have seen my brother—but fear nothing—he has not made me the confidant of your mysterious conduct—and this day I will still respect them—but tomorrow forget not that you ought no longer to have any mystery concealed from your wife.

Fran. Believe me, necessity alone:—

Cec. Nay—I ask nothing, nor will I this evening require the slightest explanation; but take the advice of my father, seek repose.—Your features are altered by so many painful exertions—Oh! Frankenstein let us live only for each other—'tis the choicest and sweetest study.

Fran. My dear Cecilia!

Cec. Rely on my tenderness—cannot I dissipate this sadness, this loathed melancholy, which even at this moment is depicted on thy visage, I shall then think you no longer love me, a reflection that will embitter my days, and soon—ah! soon deprive you of your Cecilia.

Fran. What say you! sooner would I die a thousand deaths than cause you a moments affliction—you exact that I should abandon my researches—You shall be obeyed—from tomorrow your laboratory shall be closed for ever—and I will live but for my Cecilia—Happy possessor of an adored object, every thought, but her, shall be a stranger to my bosom.

Cec. You have given your promise—I ought and will believe it—now to join my father—farewell—till tomorrow.

Fran. Tomorrow I shall commence a new existence.

Cec. Think on your oath—farewell—(exit)

Fran. I have sworn—tomorrow, —tomorrow, but this night is still mine—I am alone—Why have they withdrawn—greatly did I need their presence!—Must my enterprise be left incomplete!—after so many years of anxious research—possessed of such an extraordinary power, must I behold it annihilated without attaining the slightest benefit. The object of my attempt is there—should I succeed—But those misfortunes with which I am threatened—Ha! a light breaks in upon me,—a power jealous of my potency, is perhaps desirous, by alarming, to oppose my triumph—Yes—that may be so (*thunder*) Bugbears to frighten the irresolute.—'Tis a horrid night—the loud peals of thunder, and the broad glare of vivid lightning, accord well with the deed I am about to perpetrate.—Come,—for the last time—now fortitude assist Yes?—it is resolved!

He goes up and enters the laboratory—Pietro enters with a lamp.

Pie. My master has not yet retired to his chamber; now would I wager that he is still in his laboratory, in the midst of his crucibles, alembicks, and devil's kitchen utensils. However he must be up betimes for Miss Cecilia has strictly cautioned me to (*he tumbles against a chair and drops the lamp*) Oh lord! oh dear—here I am alone in the dark—what will become of me (*a blue flame issues from one of the laboratory windows*) good lord! what can that be? I'm burning to know—dont believe I ever felt such courage—hem hem, its a good omen—here goes. (*He ascends the stairs.*)

Fran. (*In the laboratory*) What have I done? what have I accomplished (*Pietro rushes down stairs, trembling in every limb, he falls on the floor.*)

Pie. What have I seen! wretch that I am, its all over with me, (*hastens off*) I'm a dead man—help! help.

(FRANKENSTEIN *rushes down*)

Fran. Horror! horror! back daemon, fiend, back to the cold and lifeless corpse you were before my folly gave you animation—what fearful monster has hell resigned, oh—I feel his cold and clammy hand upon me still---merciful

Heavens wh^t dreadful object have I created?—already is my punishment begun—already do I feel that I have merited the punishment of heaven,—all is tranquil—perhaps the monster has relapsed into oblivion—should it be so—But no—he lives to be my eternal curse—Antonio my son, dear Cecilia, you I dare no longer approach, I am lost—lost for ever!

He sinks exhausted in the chair, the door of the laboratory opens the Monster springs over the balcony.

Fran. Heavens tis he!

Monster gazes at him attentively whilst he recoils with horror.

Fran. Monster approach me not—hence; or dread my vengeance!—No, no, you shall not quit this spot—but thus—thus I destroy the wretch I have created.

Frankenstein attempts to stab the Monster, who snatches the sword and breaks it, then disappears by breaking through the wall.—Frankenstein falls senseless, and the act finishes.

ACT II.

SCENE THE FIRST.—*The Forest.*

The Bohemians discovered seated round a fire regaling.—

Air—ZOMA.

Tho' from man condemn'd to roam,
And like wolves to hunt for prey:—
Where we stray, we make our home,
Heedless of the coming day. :

Chorus.—When danger threatens we're alert,
The call of joy we'll ne'er desert. :

Beneath the oak our tents we spread
The forest chase, provides our fare,
Luxurious meats we do not heed
Whilst we have generous wine to share.

Jan. It cannot be long 'ere Cecilia arrives—a few more hours and I dare entertain the hope that a father's malediction will no longer overwhelm me—Frankenstein has abandoned his fatal purpose, and this day he espouses my sister, an union which will wean him from his fatal purpose.

[Enter PETRUSCO.

Pet. At length I have found my way back, (giving a letter to JANSEN) here is a letter which an inhabitant of the neighbouring hamlet charged me to deliver.

Jan. "Tis from Cecilia. (reads) "I cannot attend the prepared rendezvous, but have spoken to my father and every thing conduces to make me entertain the hope that he will pronounce thy forgiveness, this is the extreme of happiness! now then what have we to dread.

Pet. Nothing—the Venetians deceived by my stratagem have taken another route—and I have left two of our party at the entrance of the forest to apprise us should the enemy retrace their steps.

Pet. Hark some one approaches.

Jan. I am not mistaken—'tis the valet of Frankenstein, he appears alarmed, what can it mean?

Pet. (intercepting his passage) Halt there!

Pie. Hillo, here's another stop gap, oh lord! oh lord! its all over with me now, mercy—mercy sweet thieves.

(BOHEMIANS enraged) Thieves—

Pet. We are Bohemians my good fellow, do you comprehend.

Pie. Yes, yes, Bohemians not thieves, I didn't mean to call you so, Bohemians, I mean good honest well meaning folks—who I am sure wont wish to do any harm to a poor devil—

Jan. Approach and fear nothing.

Pie. Why its he again—it seems certain that I am to meet him in all parts.

Jan. Come hither I say!

Pie. Yes, Mr. Captain, I'm coming—here I am.

Jan. Answer me; where are you going.

Pie. To the Cottage of Holbein, an old blind man who lives—

Jan. From whence come you?

Pie. From my Master's Castle.

Jan. But why this haste—You appear agitated—say from what cause?

Pie. Oh precious serious cause I can assure you. Did you but know what took place last night at the Castle, and above all what I saw.—

Jan. Confusion ! has Frankenstein forgotten his promise—friends you may withdraw.—(exit BOHEMIANS.)

Pie. May'nt I withdraw as well, Mr. Captain ?

Jan. No—stay where you are.

Pie. Stay where I am, here's a pretty go! But really my Lord I dont see you have any occasion for me—

Jen. Stay where you are, I say—I would speak with thee.

Pie. Speak to me—I would very gladly excuse the conversation—they seem all in the speaking way and wont allow me to wedge in a syllable.

Jan. Say, when I quitted Frankenstein last night near the old monument of the forest, did he retire forthwith.—

Pie. Not he, he remained, as worse luck would have it.

Jan. And how was he employed?

Pie. Faith I can't say precisely because my master do you see threw me into a sort of a—he did just so—and I was struck just so.—

Jan. What has passed at the Castle that has been so alarming—what did you behold ?

Pie. Zooks I saw—I seally cant tell you exactly what I saw—all that I can say is that I thought I beheld in master's laboratory something very unaccountable t'was a figure—a corpse—'pon my soul in all your gang in which they are, saving your presence a rascally set of ill-looking chaps that I don't believe you have one that's half so ugly.—

Jan. He is lost, and my sister my father—Oh may I at least protect them from the fatal influence which Frankenstein's compact has extended over them.

Pie. Is that all you wish to know ?—may I now be permitted to —to—you know what I mean.

Jan. Yes, you may now withdraw, but beware of saying aught to any one of what you have witnessed—if you but prate :—

Pie. Prate ! I guess then what I should have to expect, but I'll be mute as a stock fish since 'tis your pleasure—I beg pardon, Sir, but I think I perceive my master.—Its he sure enough, and a precious hurry he's in, one would suppose, that like me, fright had given a spur to his motion !

Jan. What a state of agitation—you may now withdraw.

Pie. Aye ! and on a full trot—now to collect the wed-

ding guests—what a mercy these chaps didn't put an end to my errand, for then there would be no chance of my dancing at the festivity. (*exit.*) (*Enter FRANKENSTEIN.*

Fran. Hence! hence! approach me not! living spectre, what would you with me? why arrest my progress? am I then the prey whom you would devour? yes 'twas I who gave you being, that crime is my work, and thine it is to avenge it—come then! engulf me in that hell from which I have dragged thee, but suffer me, at least, to be thy only victim.

Jan. Lost man! (*approaching him.*) Frankenstein—

Fran. Who calls?—

Jan. 'Tis I—Jansken,—thy friend.

Fran. Approach me not, you will become the associate of crime—like me the horror of the earth, accursed by heaven, the mark of all, the tortures hell has in store, the triumph of the damn'd!

Jan. Be thyself Frankenstein, despite thy crime, I pity thee:—

Fran. Pity—pity! have I entertained pity for my fellow creatures, when I cast upon the earth an execrable enemy—No, heaven is just, and since the moment I presumed to outrage humanity, its wrath has dwelt heavy on my devoted head.

Jan. Thy crime is frightful, but divine mercy is infinite—perhaps the monster to whom thy presumptive deed has given birth, has already yielded up his unhalowed existence.

Fran. No—no—this night—a night of horror, which curdles my very hearts blood—I beheld the monster appear—for some period he evanished, but his frightful image pursued me every where—frantic I quitted my abode and exhausted with fatigue sunk at the entrance of the forest, but scarcely had I sought a moment's repose—ere I again perceived the monster who seemed to triumph in my fears whilst the Genie of the Tomb stood smiling at my misery.

Jan. Perhaps your bewildered imagination gives birth to ideal horrors—all around us is in tranquillity.

Fran. Aye, for the moment—but soon—hark! hear you not? I think that I perceive—

Jan. Nothing—come banish these vain terrors lis'en to the voice of reason and friendship.

Fran. 'Tis mine no longer; all is terminated—death! death! on which I call, can alone put a period to my torments—

Jan. Your son would you leave him without a protector, you may still hope for days of happiness—

Fran. Dear Jansken—with what consoling hope do you inspire me. *(Rustic music).*

Jan. 'Tis my Bohemians, who are repairing to my father's cottage—come, I will conduct you to the frontiers of the forest.

They retire, the Monster now appears on the rocks—sees the fire and taking a piece of lighted wood, which burns his finger, he throws it from him, expressing the pain.—Hearing the Music he listens with ecstasy, endeavouring to catch it and exits following its modulations. Enter Pietro and Villagers.

Pie. Come lets away to the wedding—I don't say who I'll dance with—but mind—no tearing caps about me.

Medley Song.—PIETRO.

With shape and looks so killing
A handsomer youth you'll ne'er find
Then pretty girls if you are willing
Take a husband whilst I'm in mind—
Dont look shy—do'nt look shy—do'nt look shy
Well a day—On poor I
But come Young lasses and let us be gay
And merrily merrily dance away—
For a Waltz or Quadrille I'm in cue I must say
And willing as flowers in May
Come away
And we'll merrily dance and play.

If there's a maid inclin'd to marry
I beg she'll not be o'er coy
And no doubt if hopes don't miscarry
We've at nine months a fine chopping boy
Pretty dear—pretty dear—pretty dear
Oh! dear—pretty dear—
And then with my mate I'll be happy and gay.
We'll laugh, dance and sing, and drive sorrow away
With the sweet little baby, lauks how he will play—
And teach him to dance like papa
Night and day
We'll merrily dance and play.

SCENE THE SECOND.—*Cottage of Holbien.*

Through an opening is seen a rustic bridge. On one side is a door, the other a stove. Village girls discovered with Cecilia.

Cec. Thanks, thanks, friends! I am now in readiness—but Frankenstein has not kept his promise; he should have been here ere now.—*Antonio*, where is my father?

Ant. He is gone to join my father.

Cec. Frankenstein is tardy in his arrival.—But why that noise?—*Pietro* comes, perhaps he can explain. [PIETRO enters.] *Pietro*! what occasions this tumult?

Pie. Zooks! Miss Cecilia, 'tis these confounded Bohemians again.

Cec. Have they been pursued?

Pie. Quite the contrary, Miss—'tis they who are in pursuit. Why and wherefore I know not; but they are scampering here—coming to join the party.—Zooks, how they do stride!—I have a good pair of shanks of my own; but I couldn't gallop at such a rate.

Ant. As father is not come, I'll run and meet him—come along with me, friends. [Exit, with villagers.]

Pie. (aside) He's gone to fetch her a husband; but I have my doubts whether there will be any wedding.

Cec. Pietro, what are you talking about?

Bie. Nothing, Miss—absolutely nothing—and I beg it to be understood that I have said nothing—nothing at all.

Cec. Why so?

Pie. You'll recollect, Miss, that I said nothing, so that I may call you as a witness.

Cec. Since your arrival, Pietro, I have remarked that you have worn an air of mystery.

Pie. True, Miss; but then I have my reasons.

Cec. What are they?

Pie. Beg pardon—I have reasons for not telling you my reasons.

Cec. Well then, since there are secrets—

Pie. Yes, famous secrets!—and was I to tell you, why you'd be as wise as myself. Harkye, Miss—but I beg you won't make me babble—cause as how I'm much inclined to do so—and should that misfortune happen, I might get into a hobble.

Cec. I will not be indiscreet—but tell me, have you completed the preparations for the fete—is every thing in order in the garden?

Pie. Yes, yes, Miss—the tables, wine, orchestra, are all ready—we only want the dancers, the drinkers, and the musicians [*rustic music*] and, zooks! here they come in the nick of time. (*exit*)

The Monster enters and perceives Cecilia, at the moment she is retiring—he opens the door by which she has withdrawn, and regards her with rapture.—His eyes are now directed towards a mirror, and recoils on beholding his own resemblance,—he endeavours to catch his own reflection, and after some pantomime business, conceals himself upon the entrance of Jansken.

Jan. 'Twas impossible to overtake him. Heaven send that he may have fled far from this spot, nor bring amongst us terror and desolation. [Enter CECILIA.]

Jans. Dearest Cecilia—say is Frankenstein arrived.

Cec. Not yet—but his stay cannot be long.

Jan. [aside] He should have been here ere now—fatal delay!

Cec. What is it, Jansken?—you appear uneasy—you dread least my father should oppose your prayers. You received my letter—I wrote therein that every circumstance tended to promote our reunion.

Jan. Should you obtain my pardon, what other ties have I to form?—I shall then be reunited to those I love, and our father will then enjoy a life of tranquillity.

Cec. Heaven grant no obstacle may interpose to mar our felicity. [FRANK. and HOLBIEN appear on Bridge.]

Cec. Frankenstein!

Jans. 'Tis he! anon we 'shall have nothing to dread.—My father too!—the anxiously-sought moment is at length arrived. [Enter HOLBIEN and FRANKENSTEIN.]

Hol. My children, I had but one prop—now I shall possess two.

Jans. You have not observed him—

Fran. No—and my hopes revive—

Cec. Father—here is a person enquiring for you?

Hol. What would he with me?

Cec. He brings information of one that is dear to us, and of whom I spoke to you but some moments since.

Hol. Who mean you?

Cec. Jansken, father—'tis of him he comes to speak.

Holb. Of my son!—does he still live?—But what would he inform me, Cecilia?—where is the person?—

Jans. [approaching] I am here, my lord!

Hol. Was it my son who sent you?

Jans. Yes, yes—it was.

Holb. What are his wishes?—Is then the pride of the haughty subdued?—You knew him—Frankenstein!—he became fascinated with a science which merited the wrath of heaven and the contempt of its creatures—he abandoned the pursuit of honour; and, deaf to my counsels and entreaties, entailed my ruin, dishonoured our name, and rendered me, like himself, the horror of our fellow-citizens; from whose society I have been compelled to withdraw.—Yes; to him I owe all the miseries of my existence; and, after a silence of six years, what motive can he now have for ever remembering his father?—

Jan. Oh, believe it not—never has he ceased to remember to bow with veneration at the name of father.

Holb. [surprised] What voice is that?

Ian. Great has been his guilt towards you—numerous his crimes—but did you know by how many sufferings he has expiated his faults—in pity shut not your heart against him—be not deaf to his prayer—and all his future days shall be dedicated to repair his misdeeds.

Hol. What?—can you be—

Jans. [falling at his feet] Yes, sire; yes—your son, your wretched son, who comes to implore pardon, and expire at your feet.

Hol. Powers of innocence;—away—approach me not.

Cec. Father!—can you be inexorable?

Fran. Will you accord no boon to the repentant?—In the name of heaven, reject him not.

Hol. Cecilia, you have deceived me.—I had sworn to be inflexible—but he is there—nor have I sufficient fortitude to resist—I can no longer close my arms against him.

Jans. Father! [embracing him.] (a shriek is heard)

Enter Antonio and Villagers, in a state of alarm.

Hol. What means this alarm?

Jan. Why that fearful shriek?

(PIETRO advancing) Hillo I say—what's all this?

Ant. Oh Cecilia—had you but seen—

Cec. Seen what?

Ant. You recollect about the figure which I told you I saw in my dream—

Ce. Well!—

Ant. Just now—as I returned to the Cottage, I saw him.

Fran. Where?

Ant. There, yonder!

Jan. Could it be he?—come friends, let us endeavour to ascertain what has so greatly alarmed Antonio. (*exit villagers headed by JANSKEN.*)

Pie. Aye, aye, let them go and ascertain—As for me, I am not at all curious—I've already had my share.

Fran. (aside) My fortitude has abandoned me.—Heavens! are my fearful presentiments about to be accomplished?

Hol. (aside) Have you disregarded your oath? and am I to suspect, that far from abandoning your guilty labours—

Fran. No! no! believe it not:—

Hol. Yet your hand trembles, methinks in mine.

Enter JANSKEN with Villagers.

Jan. We have discovered no one—our little Antonio has been deceived:—

Fran. (aside) Can it be possible?

Cec. Yes, yes, 'tis probable—

Ant. Indeed I saw him plainly—(*The clock strikes four*)

Pie. Oh! Oh! at length there's the happy signal!

Hol. 'Tis the hour appointed for the ceremony, let us proceed—give the signal for departure, on friends?

Pie. Come along, I'll place myself at your head.

(*Exit HOLBIEN, ANTONIO, & PIETRO.*)

Cec. Ere we proceed to the Altar I would speak to you for an instant:

Jan. On what subject?

Fran. Dearest Cecilia, delay not a moment.

Ce. The interview is necessary—

Jan. Is it for thy happiness—

Ce. Yes 'tis in the name of that happiness that I entreat it—

Jan. Was you but to comprehend—

Ce. What then?

Fran. Nothing—nothing—dear Cecilia I will hear you—Jansken prithee retire, and like me, watch over her safety.

Ce. We are alone, and on this short interview will perhaps depend our future felicity, it is but justice I should possess your amplest confidence—would you disguise the trouble by which you are agitated—

Fran. Heavens! what would you say? (aside) I shudder with alarm.

Cec. You have not kept your promise

Fran, I must avow to you that a dreadful secret presses on my soul—but I swear in the face of heaven which is about to receive our vows, you shall know it and you will then see far from breaking the bonds by which we are united, it ought to strengthen them still more In conducting you to the altar, I do not alone recompence the virtues of Cecilia—my fate depends on her

Ce. I ought to confide in your sincerity—yes to doubt that you love me it would be an outrage to us both—

Fran. Dearest Cecilia—your mine—for ever mine.

The Monster approaches the lovers, expresses his admiration of Cecilia, becomes enraged at seeing her in the arms of Frankenstein.—He darts on Cecilia at the moment she quits her lover's embrace, She perceives the Monster, who extends his arms towards her—uttering a fearful shriek, she rushes off across the bridge.

Fran. Horror? 'tis he?

The Monster is about to pursue Cecilia. Frankenstein opposes his passage.—The Monster dashes him on the earth, and hastens across the bridge after Cecilia. He is about to follow, when at the moment several armed Villagers appear at the back, Frankenstein seizes a gun and exits. Cecilia appears on the bridge in the arms of the Monster Holbien rushes on the bridge, to whose arms the Monster consigns her.

Hol. Dearest Cecilia! alas! she answers not.

Holbien enters supporting Cecilia, she revives, and perceiving the Monster, with a shriek again faints; at this moment Frankenstein enters, and firing, wounds the Monster, who utters a fearful cry, seizes a lighted brand from the hearth, fires the cottage. They all escape save Holbien, whom the Monster thrusts into the blazing ruins.

ACT III.

SCENE THE FIRST.—*Chamber in the Castle.*

CECILIA discovered seated with ANTONIO—JANSKEN
PIETRO, MAZZENA, & VILLAGERS.

Jan. Look up my dear Sister—alas! shall I have her death to deplore as well as that of my unhappy parent—oh Frankenstein—how much hast thou to answer for—

Maz. See, sir, my dear lady revives—

Ce. (*gradually reviving*) Where am I—what a frightful dream—But how is this?—these wedding garments—In the name of heaven dissipate my alarms, why am I here you answer not!—I perceive too clearly—'tis no dream, I have no longer a father—But tell me—has Frankenstein perished.

Jan. No—he lives for a life of protracted misery—an object of horror to all—but see he comes (*Enter FRANKENSTEIN*)

Vil. He is here let us away—

Fran. You have just cause to loath me; but you shall not much longer behold this hated form—Pietro conduct them to the castle hall, where I will make known my last resolve. (*Exit PIETRO and Peasantry.*)

Fran. Jansken! Cecilia! too well I know my sight is hateful to you;—but in pity to my sufferings do not drive me to despair—

Jan. Frankenstein thy crimes have broken every tie by which we were united—regardless of my friendship and my sisters love, you have perpetrated a deed which entails our general ruin.

Fran. Oh reproach me not: Heaven has already amply avenged my crime—to expiate it there is no sacrifice, but what I am prepared to make—Cecilia, I am about to fly this spot as the only means of preserving those beings who are so dear to me—but ere I take my last farewell, may I not at least hope for thy forgiveness—

Ce. Oh Frankenstein thou hast blighted all my hopes of happiness—and the fondest dreams that mortal ever pictured have been destroyed by thy fatal presumption—

Fran. In the name of heaven upbraid me not—

Ce. Methought that when united, no cloud could disturb our tranquility—our only care would have been that of consoling the declining days of my aged parent—but even that sad consolation is denied me—and to you, to you alone all this is owing—

Fran. Heaven in pity terminate my wretched being

Jan. Why would you appeal to the divinity, you have so much outraged to curtail our existence in the very moment of guilt—seek rather to live, that by prayer and penitence, you may atone to that power whose mercy is never utterly denied even to the most sinful of its creatures—do this Frankenstein and rank me still amongst the number of thy friends—

Cec. Nor can my affection be withheld, for despite thy crime—I find you are so entwined around my affections that to rend the bond is unavailing.

Fran.—Oh Cecilia when I look on thee—on Jansken—on my darling boy, I can but marvel that I have sinned so greatly. (*Enter PIETRO and PETRUSCO*)

Pet. All is lost—the Venetian Soldiers, whom we have twice escaped, have discovered our retreat.

Fran. Confusion!— —

Pet. They are armed against you Frankenstein against you, to whom we owe all the dangers with which we are threatened—they grant but four hours ere you yield yourself up—and if this is not accorded, the Castle with all its inmates is to be given up to the flames—

Jan. Four hours—then there is still time left for escape—Frankenstein you shall yet be saved, there are certain outlets in the Castle leading to the sea, which shall be explored—in the interim to your charge I consign my Sister, Pietro, see that the child has some repose, nor suffer him for a moment from your presence. (*Exit with PETRUSCO*)

Pie. You shall be obeyed Sir—come along my little darling (*Exit with Child.*)

Cec. With what horrors are we environed—

Frank Regardless of my own safety yours is now my only care. (*they retire*)

Monster enters, examines round—observing some one approach, he conceals himself.

(*Enter PIETRO with ANTONIO and LITOLF.*

Pie. Now are you sure its a bottle of good stuff?

Lit. That I'll warrant, for I've just partaken of a fellow bottle—but hearkye, Pietro! don't you make too free, for the liquor is potent, and may steal away your senses.

Pie. Don't be afraid of that, old gentleman.—You see what courage I must possess, or master would never trust me as he has done. So good night, old gentleman. I've got the key of the door; and, to make all safe, will lock myself in.—Come along, Antonio.

Lit. There's a man of courage.

SECOND SCENE.—*Dormitory.*

(Enter PIETRO, with ANTONIO.)

Pie. There, now all's safe; and so, Antonio, you may go to sleep as soon as you please.

Ant. I'm not sleepy—I want to go to my father.

Pie. But, I tell you, you mustn't go to your father—I'm to father you now—I'm to protect you, for I'm a man of courage—

Ant. Which you always shew by running away—[aside] as I will do the first opportunity.

Pie. Well then, sit down; and, as you are not sleepy, we'll have something to eat and drink.

Ant. Aye, Pietro, and then you shall tell me one of your pretty stories.

Pie. That I will—I shall have somebody to listen to me at last. (They sit down when a slight noise is heard.)

Pie. There's that confounded tom cat scratching at the door—go along, puss!—Now I'll tell you my story; and, talking about tom cats, 'tis all about a cat, called Grimalkin. Now Grimalkin had a little kitten—its name was Colleywahble; and Colleywahble was such an expert mouser that nothing escaped it—mice, rats, aye, and even the dairy-maid's cream were all tasted by Colleywahble—it even made free with poor Grimalkin's allowance—plundered its own poor mother—now wan't that too bad—so says Grimalkin to Colleywahble—

During the above, the child takes the key, opens the door and is about to escape, when Pietro discovers his absence, brings him back, in the interim the Monsters enter and conceal themselves.

Pie. Oh, you little varlet ! to serve me so. But I'll stop your games ; for I'll lock the door, and put the key in my pocket.

Ant. You're a very ill-natured man, and I won't listen to your story ; but I'll go to sleep to spite you. [lies down.]

Pie. Can't say I much like his going asleep and leaving me here to entertain myself—and I think a storm is brewing—nothing but storms of late. However, I've got a book, and so I'll seat myself at the foot of Antonio's couch, and read and watch him at the same time.

Monster advances from his concealment, but is unable to seize the child, fearful of alarming Pietro.

Pie. Now who could have thought that I should have brought a book with me all about ghosts and hobgoblins—but never mind, I'll read a little of it—I'm not much afraid—"The turret clock struck twelve ; all was silent as the grave, at that instant, the light, which burned but dimly ;"—[the Monster extinguishes the light] Hey ! what's that ?—Oh, I suppose it was only the wind—but I can soon relight it at the fire—

The Monster attempts to seize the child, but retreats on the lamp being relighted.

Pie. There its all right—egad, I begin to feel sleepy myself—but that won't do—no, I must try something to amuse me—I'll drink a little drop and I'll sing a little bit—

He eats, drinks, and hums a tune, and gradually falls asleep : Monster watches the moment seizes the child who shrieks aloud.—Pietro awakes in alarm, and missing his charge, shouts for help, rushing off.—Frankenstein enters with a pistol.

Fran. What cries are those ? [perceiving the Monster] Ha ! the Evil One again !

Ant. [shrieking as he is extended in the Monster's arms] Father ! father !

Fran. Horror ! my son ! [presenting his pistol at the Monster] bold, execrable wretch !

He is about to fire—the Monster places the child before him as a target—Frankenstein drops the pistol—exclaiming in agony.

No, no : you have nothing to fear—spare but my son—restore him to these arms—my son—

Frankenstein kneels and implores compassion, but the Monster uttering an inarticulate shout bears him off

He bears him from me, regardless of my cries.—My child! my child! [He sinks on the floor. [Enter CECILIA]

Cec. What means this clamour? have they reached this spot? Frankenstein! what has happened?

Fran. Cecilia, you here!—fly! this is the abode of demons—fly! or you will become their victim.

Cec. In the name of heaven, Frankenstein, what mean you?

Fran. That I am the most wretched of parents. The ear of inexorable fate is deaf to my cries, and yields us to the enemy my presumption has created.—Hark! hear you not the dying groans of my child?—

Cec. Of Antonio?—

Fran. There! there! see you not his last convulsive struggles? bear you not his last agonizing shriek! the shriek of death—it vibrates on my brain and drives me to madness!—My boy! my Antonio! 'tis I—I have been thy assassin!

Cec. Antonio murdered?— [Enter JANSKEN hastily.

Jan. We are overpowered the majority of my followers are either slain or prisoners—but we have still means of escape: a vessel manned by my Bohemians floats in the adjoining bay—hasten then to the sally-port with my sister, whilst I secure a boat. Frankenstein, delay not: 'tis for thy eternal salvation. [rushes off.

Fran. I am reckless of my fate—

Cec. Reckless of thy fate!—not so thy Cecilia: tarry here for a moment, whilst I speed and procure thee a disguise. [Hastens off.

Fran. Is Hell pacified?—have I not undergone sufficient punishment?—what would it more? Amply has its minister performed the horrible task—he has deprived me of all—my son, wife, friend!—and I am now an isolated wretch!—But I still live—still render this spot unhallowed by my presence! The Council of Ten demand my head—no, no! 'tis not on the scaffold that my days must terminate—my fate is inseparable from the execrable executioner whom I have madly called into existence.—Monster appear! thou seekest a last victim!—be it the wretched, heart-broken Frankenstein!

The Monster appears—watches Frankenstein's movement seizes the pistol which the former has laid down.—Cecilia enters with a cloak, and perceiving the monster exclaims

Cec. Spare—oh spare—my Frankenstein!

The Monster fires and Cecilia advancing receives the ball and expires in the arms of Frankenstein—who places her on the couch.

Seizes a dagger and rushes at the Monster—who escapes his arm—hurls him round and dashing him on the ground retires exulting in his villainy.—

SCENE THE THIRD.—*Exterior of the Castle.*

Bohemians cross the stage pursued by the Venetians

(Enter LITOFF.)

Lit. Here's an upset to all my prospects of aggrandizement!—The Venetians are battering the walls about our ears, and missles are flying in every direction—ah! they'll batter me, and make my ducats fly too, if they pop on my secret hole!— [PIETRO runs on, alarmed.

Pie. Here's an end of the world!—Was ever poor mortal exposed to so many ups and downs.

Lit. I'm getting in years and my limbs fail me—now I'd give half my wealth, if I could but light on one to get me out of this danger.—Pietro!—

Pie. Hey! is that you, Litoff?—what! not cut up yet.

Lit. Cut up!—I'm done up for certain—now, if you could only help me out.

Pie. I wish to the lord I could help myself out—every one here is taking care of himself—and here comes Gontram who it appears has sufficient courage to take care of one besides himself. (enter GONTRAM and MEZZENA.)

Lit. He appears to take it as if nothing was the matter—whilst the Castle too is tumbling about our ears—

Gon. Consent to my union with your daughter, and I promise to ensue your safety—

Lit.—Pietro—can you make the same promise—ensure my safety—

Pie. Oh pon my soul I can promise nothing, its as much as I can do to secure my own preservation.

Lit. Since that's the case, I'll make a virtue of necessity, as danger threatens.

QUARTETTO.

Sir. Danger threatens—let's away
A faithful friend protects thy flight—

Lit. And that in trouble I must say
Is comfort to a wretched wight—

Maz. Hasten then to scape the strife
And whilst time serves, let us begone

Pie. Since it is thus—upon my life
I'll not stop here to be undone.

SCENE THE LAST.—*The Adriatic Sea.*

A vessel is seen in the midot of the waves exposed to a violent tempest—on the deck of which is seen Jansken, Petrusco, and Mariners.

Frankenstein appears in a small boat, which is tossed too and fro, by the billows; on beholding him, those in the ship utter an exclamation of joy.

Jan. He's escaped the Castle's flames but how to gain the vessel!—providence protect thee.

Fran. Yes yes, if contrition is entitled to commiseration, it will—it will.—

Throwing a rope towards Frankenstein which he vainly attempts to seize, the boat from a sudden gust of wind being driven at a still greater distance from the vessel.

The boat is again compelled towards the ship and Jansken endeavours a second time to convey the rope to Frankenstein, but is again disappointed—at this moment the Monster appears on the rock uttering a shout of demoniac joy on beholding him, Frankenstein utters a shriek of despair

The Monster darts from the rock into the boat, seizes Frankenstein—a moment after a thunderbolt descends and severs the bark, the waves vomit forth a mass of fire and the Magician and his unhallowed abortion are with the boat engulfed in the waves.

FINIS.